

THE

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

OF

THE FARMER.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PEERSONÆ.

M E N.

Colonel Dormant,
Valentine,
Fairly,
Counsellor Flummery,
Farmer Blackberry,
Jemmy Jumps,
Rundy,
Bailiff,
1st Waiter,
2d Waiter,
Richard,
Farmer Stubble.

W O M E N.

Louisa,
Betty Blackberry,
Molly Maybush,
Landlady,

SCENE lies in Kent all the First Act, and in London
all the Second.



THE FARMER.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Rural Prospect, with a view of a gentleman's Seat at some distance.*

Enter FAIRLY and COLONEL DORMANT.

Fairly. (passionately)

YOUR master's a rascal! unknown to me marrying my daughter, then leaving her behind him in Canada; and here stepping into all the vices of London! a single gentleman forsooth! deny his marriage! but I'll strip him of his new got wealth.

Col. Hush! that's likely to happen without your help; you know that old humourist, his uncle Colonel Dormant, wishing to avoid the bustle and etiquette of rank, as a trial gave my master here the enjoyment of his fortune: of which hearing he makes so ill an use, he has absolutely advertised in the news-papers, to find if he ha'n't some other relation living to transfer it to.

Fairly. Then he has another relation, hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me into Kent.

Col. What's his name?

Fairly. I wont tell.

Col.

THE FARMER.

Col. Me you may; I'm Captain Valentine's steward to be sure, but I was plac'd here by his uncle, merely as a guardian over him; and harkee, Mr Fairly, you know the Colonel, from being so much abroad, hasn't seen him since he was the height of a pen-case: I told him though of his deserting your daughter—all his profligate exploits! he's so much incens'd that—here's a letter in his own hand, commanding my master to resign every shilling's worth belonging to him, without beat of drum this very evening, march out of his house yonder, and for the first time appear before him on the parade in St James's Park to-morrow morning.

Fairly. (*with joy*) Then he's ruin'd! ah, ha! good Captain Valentine! isn't that he cajoling some simple country girl; (*looking out*) and his wife! my poor child Louisa, oh how I should like to break his bones! but no sword and pistol work for me, no I'll find the honest farmer Colonel Dormant's relation that's to supercede him—I'll teach a captain to wrong a lawyer. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter VALENTINE, and BETTY BLACKBERRY.

A I R.

Valentine.

Charming village maid,
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine.

H

THE FARMER.

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If not enjoy'd with thee,

E'en Nature's beauties fade,

Sweetest do but love me,

Charming *village maid*.

Had I yon Shepherd's care,

Your lambs to feed and fold

The dog star heat I'd bear,

And winter's piercing cold;

Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,

At harrow, flail, or spade,

Sweetest do but love me,

Charming *village maid*.

This morn at early dawn,

I had a hedge rose wild,

It's sweets perfum'd the lawn,

'Tis nature's sportive child;

My lovely fair for thee,

Transplanted from the glade,

Sweetest do but love me,

Charming *village maid*.

Enter FARMER BLACKBERRY, (*with a milk pail*.)

Far. Where is this daughter of mine? ah! ha!

Betty. I vow your honour all these fine things would make me vastly conceited.

Far. Ah! he won't have much trouble to do that.

[*Aside.*]

Val. My adorable angel!

A

Far.

Far. I've heard say *fairies* are good at it, but now I'll see an angel milk my cow.

Betty. La, father! talk of your cows to a gentleman.

[*Farmer giving her the pail puts her off.*]

Val. Stop Farmer! yes I'll propose—he daren't refuse his Landlord (*aside*) I—shall—deal with you fair and open, your daughter Betty pleases me—name any settlement—or by God I'll sign a *carte blanche*—you know the world—and I dare say you understand me.

Far. Why, yes Sir, I think I do understand you. Pray Sir, did you ever feel the weight of an English cudgel.

Val. (*surpris'd*) A what!

Far. Sir you may be yet a parent, then you'll be capable of a Father's feelings at the cruel offer, to make him a party in the prostitution of his child.

A I R.—*Farmer.*

E'er around the rude oak that o'er shadows your mill,

The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,

E'er the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,

Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time a far distant date,

Since my fore-father's toil'd in this field,

And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,

Is the same that my grandfather till'd,

He dying bequeath'd to his Son a good name,

Which unfully'd descended to me,

For

THE FARMER.

For my child I preserv'd it, unfully'd by shame,
And it still from spot shall be free. [Exit]

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Val. This Farmer——by heavens—I——

Col. My good Sir!—hear your poor Steward! instead of ill will to the Farmer, as an English gentleman you should cherish the generous spirit of an English yeoman. For the affront you offer'd your honour would not at all suffer by making him an apology.

Val. Apology!——damn'd impudent this! (*aside*) Total will you take it?

Col. (*Quick*) That I will Sir—and as an atonement, suppose I present him from you an acquittance for his rent, as this is quarter day?

Val. A pretty proposal! but ha, ha, ha! I'll fit my busy Steward (*aside*); come I'll write a few lines of apology, you draw out a receipt, I'll enclose it, and you shall take it to him immediately. His daughter my bonny Bett! Total can you blame me.

A I R.—*Valentine*.

No more I'll count the town bred fair,

Who shines in artificial beauty,

For native charms without compare,

Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

Oh my bonny, bonny, Bett sweet blossom,

Was I a king so proud to wear thee,

From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,

To grace the faithful lover's bosom,

O my bonny bonny Bet.——

Yet ask me where these beauties lie,

I cannot say, in smile or dimple,

In blooming cheek or radiant eye,

'Tis happy nature wild and simple.

O my bonny bonny Bet——

Let dainty beaux for Ladies fine,

And sigh in numbers trite and common,

Ye Gods one darling wish be mine,

And all I ask is lovely woman.

O my bonny bonny Bet——

Come dearest girl, the rosy bowl,

Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,

My heav'n art thou, so take my soul,

With rapture every sense entrancing.

O my bonny bonny Bett——

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.— FARMER BLACKBERRY'S house.

Enter FARMER and BETTY.

Far. There, stay within doors since you can't walk out, without having a gentleman after you.

Betty. La father the Gentlemen are so tempting! He, he, he.

Far. Ods bobs! I command you not to let him speak to you.

Betty. If a Gentleman's going to speak would'n't it be very rude in me to stop his mouth?

Far. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly shall, if he's on horse back.

Far.

THE FARMER.

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Far. Zounds hussy, couldn't you turn and walk from him.

Betty. So I did; and he turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the field, 'till we came to the opposite side, there we met, face to face you know—and then! he, he, he, he! Oh precious.

A I R.—*Betty.*

To hear a sweet Goldfinches sonnett,
This morning I put on my bonnett,
But scarce in the meadows pise on it,
When the captain appears in my view.
I felt an odd sort of sensation,
My heart beat a strong palpitation,
I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
When says he my dear how do you do?—

The dickens think I here has popp'd him,
I thought to slip by but I stopp'd him,
So my very best curtesy I dropt him,
With an air then he took off his hat;
He seem'd with my person enchanted,
He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted,
He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
And pray now what harm was in that.

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me,
He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
No damn him, he'd never forsake me,
And then on his knees he flopp'd down;

A 3

His

His handkerchief la! smell'd so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

Far. Odd if neighbour Stubble's Stepson Jemmy was come home from London, he should take you off my hands this very evening.

Enter FARMER STUBBLE, joyfully.

Stub. Hey Betty! your sweetheart Jemmy's without.

Far. What! Jemmy, odd now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London, made him very like a Gentleman?

Stub. Wasn't it for that merely! to please you I sent him there?

Jemmy sings without.

Far. Ecod, here he comes—gay as a lark, fine as a butterfly, stout as a cock, and merry as a cricket, ha, ha, ha!

Betty. Aye, here comes the London beau.

Enter JEMMY, fantastic and foppish.

Jem. Gemmen, I'm yours! ma'am I'm your most, (*Struts*) dad! (*apart to Stubble*) hope you did not tell you had me Prentice to a stay-maker in London?

Betty (Admiring.) Lud! he looks quite rakish.

Jem. My dear, I kiss your hand.

Far. Ecod, if you go nigher, your dear must stretch a long arm.

Betty,

Betty. Why that was only a compliment, what they say in London.

Far. Oh! then in London saying and doing are two things.

Stub. But Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jem. (takes a flatt eye-glass and looks at him) Ah! ha!—

Far. (takes a large key and looks thro' the handle at him.) Oh! hoh!—

Betty. Oh! Jemmy you can tell us all the new fashions in town.

Far. Aye! what price does corn bring at the London market?

Jem. Corn!

Far. Aye how are oats?

Jem. Oats! ask my Ponies,—think I'm from Bear-quay! I'm a gentleman—of—you—a—a—ah—Cannaille!—

Betty. Indeed father you ask such uncouth questions,—pray Jemmy what is that makes you a gentleman?—

Jem. My share in a Pharoah bank,—my boots to fling over the benches in the play-house—glass to squint at a face not six inches from my own nose—my nag to kick up a dust in Rotten Row—short waist-coat, long breeches, two watches, twenty inch cane, umbrella hat, chin—beau—dash, and shoe-strings.

AIR.

THE FARMER.

A I R.—*Jemmy.*

Look dear ma'am I'm quite the thing,

Natibus hi, Tippity ho!

In my shoe I wear a string,

Tied in a black beau, so;

Cards and Dice, I've monstrous luck,

I'm no drake yet keep a duck,

Tho' not married, I'm a buck,

Lantherum Swash Quivi.

I've a purse well stock'd with—brass,

Chinkity hey! trinkity ho!

I've good eyes, but cock my glafs,

Stare about, Squintum ho!

In two boots I boldy—walk,

Pistol, sword, I never baulk,

Meet my man and bravely talk,

Pippity pop coupee.

Sometimes mount a smart Cockade,

Puppydum hey, Strattledum ho!

From Hyde Park to the parade,

Cocky my kary kee.

As I pass a sentry box,

Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,

Each about his musquet knocks,

Rattledum slap to me.

In the Mall ma'am gives her card,

Cashedy me, kissedy she!

Sit before the stable yard,

Leg-orum lounge a row.

Pretty

THE FARMER.

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Pretty things I softly say,
When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, says I, and walk away,
Pennybus tartum ho!

Rotten-row my funday ride,
Trottledum hey! tumble off ho!
Poney eighteen pence aside,
Windgall, glanderum ho.
Cricket I fain'd Lumpey Nick,
Daddles smouch, Mendoza lick,
Up to ah! I'm just the kick,
Allemande cap'rum toe.

Betty. Oh lud, he's quite rakish.

Stub. Then Jemmy I warrant on your going to London you soon got into gentlemen's company?

Jem. Zounds mem I belong'd to a coterie.

Bet. La! what's a Coterie.

Jem. Mem it's a club—a thing we establisth'd—fitted up a house in stile—select—to be to ourselves for the purpose of play.

Far. Oh then there was a gang of you.

Jem. Gang! what d'ye call?—Party—Men of fashion, deep play—egad the rouleaus flew about like shuttle cocks.

Bet. And what's a rouleau?

Jem. A parcel of shillings neatly roll'd up like a—

Far. Aye like a pennyworth of tobacco I suppose!

Jem.

Jem. Tobacco—gad Sir you suppose the strangest—what?—eh.

Stub. And Jemmy who was of your—

Jem. Party?—I and Sir Bruin Vickerry, Marquis Pell Mell, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Piccadilly—Hem! (*flourishes.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha?

Jem. (*apart to Blackberry*) Must bounce a few—Betty's uppish, likely wouldn't have me else.

Enter MOLLY.

Far. (*apart to Jemmy*) Right, neighbour, we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then she'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord. (*aside.*) [Pipe and tabour without.] We won our cricket match to-day—the lads and lasses are all in high glee, so your wedding shall add to the joy of the day, Ha, ha, ha?

[*Exeunt all but Jemmy, who is detained by Molly.*]

Mol. Jemmy you sha'n't marry Betty Blackberry.

Jem. Ha! little Molly Maybush! now shall I be bored—Silly wench—(*aside*) Molly! ha, ha, ha! I'm astonishingly glad to see you.

Mol. No Jemmy you are not, but you know afore you went up to London you was booksworn to me.

Jem. I went a clown and I'm come home a gentleman.

Mol. I'm sure all the difference I see, is, that going, you had brown hair, a fat face, and an honest heart; and

and you're come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill natur'd soul.

Jem. As to head—and face—and heart—I'm just the tippy, and as to soul that is with us Gents, like our honour, a thing we know nothing about only to swear by; as 'Pon my soul, sir; 'Pon my honour mem! just as you country folks might say—Odsbodkins, Gadzookers! and by the living Jingo!

Mol. For certain, my father can't leave me quite so well as Betty; we ha'n't so much Corn in our Granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.
(cries.)

Jem. Piping for me, Molly, is—I am not—come—at—a—ble.

Mol. But your Promise.

Jem. Keep a Promise, what do you take me for.

Mol. Did I think you ever could forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember as you was stepping on the Coach roof, as I stood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and t'other just on the boot—your right hand you stretch'd to the coachman and your left I held in mine, washing it with my tears—the post man at that moment sounding his horn—Gee—up—says the Coachman, and I soon lost sight of my Jemmy.

Jem. I protest I've such an absence—that—

Mol. You must remember your promise to marry me. You can't forget the Horn.

Jem.

Jem. Horn! a damn'd odd Marriage Memorandum
you have hit upon Molly. [Exit.

A I R.—*Molly.*

My Daddy O was very good,
To make me fine, he spar'd no pelf.
And scapt up money all he could,
To give it to my bonny self;
My handsome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France so gay to see,
Tho' sigh'd for by each maid and dame,
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

Blythe Johnny O upon his mare,
A down the dell his horn rang sweet;
To me presented pufs the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran so sweet,
Tho' Ned a nosegay for my breast
Had brought, no flower more sweet than he,
And warbling Will a linnet's nest;
Nor flowers nor birds were dear to me.

So softly oh! to yonder grove,
The moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true love,
Yet on false love I fell to think;
The rustling leaves increase my fears,
A footstep falls, who can it be,
Ah joy! my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE.—*A Green before FARMER BLACKBERRY'S house, music and dancing heard without.—*

Enter FARMER and JEMMY.

Far. Ah! ha! featly done—Jemmy why don't you take a dance.

Jem. Me sport a toe among such clod hoppers, ah! ha! dance away my Vestris and Valchellis.

Far. Well my boy you shall have Betty then, no fear of our Squire; hey! what can his Steward want.

[looking out.]

Enter COLONEL.

Col. Farmer, my master is now sorry for the affront he offer'd you, and requests you will accept here inclos'd a receipt and full acquittance for your quarter's rent.

Far. Why this may be kindly meant—so—to shew I bear no ill will I do accept it.

Enter RUNDY.

Run. Why, Lord, Farmer, there's the Squire's men are got driving your cattle and they say it's for your rent.

Col. What!

Far. On quarter's day! this is his receipt.

Col. Oh some mistake of that scoundrel the bailiff—Farmer open that—or here—you young fellow (*to Jemmy*) read aloud the paper, you'll find there, if your Scholarship reaches so far. (*gives him the letter.*)

B

Jem.

Jem. (Conceitedly) Scholarship! (*opens and reads.*)

"For golden grain I bring you chaff
So Neighbours at the bearer laugh."

Ha, ha, ha! How do you like my Scholarship

If this for quarter's rent won't pass

Why then the reader is an——"

Run. (Who has been reading over him) Afs—ha, ha,
ha! [*laughing at Jemmy.*]

Far. Does he make a jest of his cruelty.

Col. And me the fool! be assur'd Farmer, his uncle
will do you justice; the Captain won't be long a land-
lord. (*walks up enrag'd.*)

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Oh Father!

Far. Jemmy I must now borrow this rent from the
portion I thought to pay you down with Betty.

Jem. What do you say?

Far. I say I must borrow this rent from the portion
I thought to pay you down with Betty.

Jem. Oh! ecod it happens so unlucky—but now I
remember I—promis'd Molly Maybush—and tottol de
rol—I believe the dinner is ready. [*Exit singing.*]

Betty. There now if Jemmy han't gone from me.

Far. And a good riddance of such a fordid—rascal;
but there's your London Gentleman.

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. Aye, this should be the house, and that the
master, let's see my instructions (*peruses a paper*)

Blackberry—mother's name—yes I hope here my
search

search is at an end; your name is Blackberry; your mother niece to Edward Timbertop Esq?

Betty. (Curtseys.) Yes Sir we have had Squires in our family.

Far. Aye, but I never knew any good on't—but to make you conceited.

Fair. I have authority to inform you that by this descent you are likely soon to be master of those very lands from whence your cattle were drove by your worthless Landlord.

Col. (Quick and joyful.) Eh! what Mr Fairly is this true—are you really related to Colonel Dormant.

Far. Why I did hear of some relation made a huge fortune in America—by army contracts or—but I know nought about 'em.

Fair. To prove your affinity to the Colonel and hear what he intends, you must go to London.

Far. Me to London! not I indeed.

Fair. Aye, and appear in splendour as his adopted heir; I'll have such a triumphant revenge on that puppy your master for his usage to my poor Louisa. *(to Colonel.)*

Col. But better first let the Colonel——

Fair. What d'ye talk, I'm a person of property, and if he disapproves of what I have done let my pocket answer. *(resolutely.)*

Col. Well since you're resolv'd, I'll instantly deliver to my master the Colonel's letter of dismissal, take charge of every thing yonder, and if you'll undertake

to get the Farmer and Family to town, I transfer my duty and shall be there in time to have lodgings prepar'd for their reception.

Fair. Good fellow—come along I say and instead of Blackberry, you must take the family name of Timbertop. *[Exeunt all but Betty.]*

Betty. To London!—yes instead of Betty Blackberry I shall be Miss Eliza Timbertop.

Enter JEMMY.

Jem. (aside) Old Blackberry fall'n into this here great fortune! Oh I must tack about.

Betty. Yes I shall have a coach.

Jem. (aside) A coach!

Betty. Precious! I'll be so tasty this summer—round my neck, a charming thick barcelona handkerchief; with a beautiful gauze one over it, a marseilles quilted petticoat, stout and as white as a counterpane;—over that a rich paduofay gown that shall stand on end, and over that again my choice long sattin cardinal furr'd with cat's skin.

Jem. (Aside and fanning himself) a cool summer drefs! pooh!

Betty. In my Kalimanco shoes, I'll have such a thumping pair of silver buckles, and in my pink hat a bunch of cherry colour'd ribbons!

Jem. (Advancing) Ha, my Betty!

Betty. (Looking round affectedly.) Betty!

Jem. I'm come to wish you joy.

Betty. Eh—with joy—Oh the bellman.

Jem.

Jem. Bellman! my dear your own Jemmy Jumps.

Betty. Jumps!—now what is this person talking about.

Jem. Hem—mem! may I presume to beg.—

Betty. Beg! Oh the bellman, I haven't got no small change (*stately and affected*) upon my honour. [*Exit.*]

Jem. (*Pause; and whistle*)—Yes, I must—ha—
Molly Maybush she's a hundred pounds—(*sings*) the bellman! no small change! here's a very pretty change.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH and RUNDY.

Run. And Molly, an't you asham'd to leave such a true loving boy as I be?

Molly. Yes, I now see Jemmy courted me all along only for the love o'gain; yonder he is—let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to see him.

A I R.—*Molly.*

Send him to me, let him woo me,

Gently breathe each tender vow,

Why forsake me, come and take me,

Take me in the humour now.

In my cheeks full roses blowing,

Wishes twinkle in my eyes,

Oh! What joy when joys bestowing,

Yet my careless Lover flies,

Girls don't hear him, mock him, fear him,

He'll deceive you, kiss and leave you,

Send him to me, &c. &c.

B 3

Enter

THE FARMER.

Enter JEMMY.

Jem. Your most—lovely Molly (*bows*)—Rundy what brings you here? (*fiercely.*)

Run. To see a little fun Sir.

Jem. Fun!

Molly and Run. Ha, ha, ha! (*on each side of Jemmy.*)

Jem. Molly I left you crying; methinks I find you wondrous frisky.

Molly. Yes Sir—(*curtseys.*)

Run. Yes Sir—(*bows.*)

Jem. Amazing civil—(*looking on each side.*)

Molly. Rundy, sure this is a gentleman.

Run. Is't indeed (*affects to look at Jemmy with amazement and admiration.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Jem. (*First looking at them very gravely*) Then—Ha, ha, ha! again if you come to that—ha, ha, ha! indeed Molly as second thoughts are best I'll return to my first design and have you.

Molly. No, Mr Gentleman, sure you would not be so good? (*ironically.*)

Jem. Do you think I'd break my engagement? Molly I claim your promise.

Molly. I keep a promise! what do you take me for?

Run. What d'ye take us for?

Molly. Jemmy, my father has engag'd me to Rundy here; so I am not com—at—a—ble.—There—(*crosses and gives her hand to Rundy and turns*) and thus let every girl serve the fortune hunting chap, that courts the heart, while his eye is on her pocket.

Jem.

Jem. Have I figur'd in London for this? I the tulip
of Kensington gardens to be ousted by a cabbage-stalk!

O! ye Gods and Goddesse!

Tags, laces, whale-bone, hulks and bodices.

T R I O.

Jemmy, Molly and Rundy.

Jem. My dear ma'am how do you clack away,
King George's English hack away.

Go press your cheese

And feed your Geese,

Tuck up your duds and pack away.

Mol. Go hop my pretty pet along.

Run. And down the dance lead Bet along.

Mol. But Rundy's stick.

Run. Your back shall lick.

Mol. You faucy monkey get along.

Jem. Ma chere amie tout autre chose,

Tho' Gentleman of Bully knows,

Lord nothing yet,

Before my Bet,

I'd kick a slim or pull a nose.

Dans votre lit sweet Moll adieu.

Run. And if so be what's that to you,

Jem. If e'er we meet

In London street,

I'll honour you with how d'ye do.

Run.

THE FARMER.

Run. A fig for you and your How d'ye do.

Mol. That for you and your how d'ye do.

Jem. Your love is incompatible

I am not come at a-ble.

Mol. For dance we're ripe,

D'ye hear the pipe?

And tabor how rattatable.

END OF ACT FIRST.

 ACT II.

SCENE.—LOUISA'S Lodgings in London.

Enter COLONEL and LANDLADY.

Colonel.

THE apartments, Mem, are for a family from the country.

Land. Well Sir, the lady here, moves to day to her house in Kent—this is she Sir (*looking out*) please to see the other Rooms Sir.

Col. Ma'am!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOUISA.

A I R.

Winds softly tell my love,

You have brought home his dove,

Say poor Louisa flies to her mate,

Smooth

THE FARMER.

25

Smooth was the ocean,

Swift was our motion,

He was my haven and absence my fate,

Yet the lambs fraying,

Thro' the meeds playing,

Cropping wild flowers on the precipice's brink,

Joys surrounding,

Sporting bounding,

Nor on fond Phillis the wanton will think.

Col. (*without*) They'll do exceeding well Ma'am—

But——

Enter COLONEL.

I must apologize to this lady for my intrusion before, she had given up her apartments. (*bows*)

Lou. Sir, (*curtseys*) [*A loud knocking.*]

Col. Hey, there they are, 'Squire Timbertop and his whole family.

Fairly. (*without*) Oh Mr Total's here.

Lou. Heavens, my father!

Col. What, Mr Fairly?

Lou. Oh Sir I'm lost if he sees me.

Col. Then, madam, I presume you are Mrs Valentine.

Lou. Sir, since you know—dear Sir—don't—I dare not face my father till acknowledg'd by my husband, who has——

Col. You're just from Canada ma'am? and this the amiable woman he has deserted! (*aside*) don't be alarmed ma'm at my discovery—I am your steward madam.

Lou.

Lou. Perhaps my husband's Sir, Oh! bring me to him.

Col. Ma'am he is now in disgrace with his uncle, turn'd out ma'am—His uncle the Colonel ma'am is one of your very odd sort of persons, means well, but always doing something that no body else would think of—and I'm convinc'd he would not have you see your husband before he tries the success of a scheme he has plann'd for his reformation.

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Laud Sir, Here's your country family come, ma'am wont you make use of my parlour, till your chaife comes—Jenny— *[Calls and exit.*

Col. Near the time I appointed my Gentleman in the Park, so must now leave the Blackberries to Fairly *(aside.)* Ma'am best remain here if you can keep out of your father's sight—In the evening I'll give you convincing reasons for postponing your journey to Kent—The Colonel Ma'am has heard of your wrongs, and is determined to punish his Nephew—He'll teach him in the school of poverty the use of riches ma'am.

[Bows and exit.

Lou. Ah! my Valentine! to forsake—to deny me—I'll not increase the Colonel's displeasure by seeing him—and yet—

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Where's the old gentleman? Here's an officer below saw him through the windows, and desires he'd follow him into the Park. *[Exit.*

Lou.

THE FARMER.

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Lou. An officer! if it should be—it is my Valentine! discarded by his uncle—perhaps distressed—
(rings) Yes the steward said his uncle was determin'd he should learn in the school of poverty; no, no, my Valentine, I cannot see it.

Enter a SERVANT.

Lou. Richard—that gentleman—the officer—follow him—watch him where he goes—and instantly bring me word—quick!

[*Exit Servant.*]
Lou. Cruel uncle! to abandon him, and this unfeeling steward advise me not to see him—in want—heavens the thought—Oh Valentine—though unkind you've been, you are still my husband.

SCENE.—ST JAMES'S PARK.

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Col. (Looking round) Follow you to the Park! but where—Eh isn't this the young fellow that read his curious receipt for me.

Enter JEMMY with a parcel.

Jem. Tol lol lol—Eh it is—master steward, who thought to have met you in London, Ha, ha, ha! well how have you left ploughman Blackberry and his clumsey family?

Col. True—I thought you were to have had his daughter and her clumsey fortune.

Jem. Have me! ha, ha, ha! certainly they were all upon the scramble for me, if I was a tit bit at a city feast.

AIR.

THE FARMER.

A. I. R.

Gad a mercy; devil's in me,

All the damsels wish to win me;

All the damsels

All the damsels wish to win me;

Like a maypole, round me cluster;

Hanging garlands, fust and fluster;

Lilting cap'ring, grinning smirking;

Pouting bobbing, winking jerking;

Cocking bills up, chins up perking,

Kates and Betties, Polls and Letties;

All were doating, gentle creatures,

On these features.

To their aprons all would pin me,

Gad a mercy; devil's in me,

All the damsels wish to win me;

Pretty damsels, ugly damsels,

Black hair'd damsels, red hair'd damsels,

Six foot damsels, three foot damsels,

Pale fac'd Damsels, plump fac'd damsels,

Small leg'd damsels, thick leg'd damsels,

Dainty damsels, dowdy damsels,

Pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd,

Six foot, three foot, pale fac'd, plump fac'd,

Small leg'd, thick leg'd, dowdy, dainty,

All run, all run after me Sir,

For when pretty fellows we,

Pretty maids are frank and free;

For

Gad a mercy ; devils in me ;
 All the ladies wish to win me ;
 For their stays, taking measure,
 Taking measure, oh the pleasure,

Taking measure,

Taking measure, oh the pleasure,
 Oh ! such tempting looks they gi' me,

Wishing of my heart to nim me,

Pat and cry, you devil Jemmy :

Pretty ladies, ugly ladies,

Black hair'd ladies, red hair'd ladies,

Six foot ladies, three foot ladies,

Pale fac'd ladies, plump fac'd ladies,

Small leg'd ladies, thick leg'd ladies,

Dainty ladies, dowdy ladies,

Pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd,

Six foot, three foot, pale fac'd plump fac'd,

Small leg'd, thick leg'd, dowdy, dainty,

All run, all run after me Sir,

For when pretty fellows we,

Ladies all are frank and free,

The pretty maids are frank and free,

Frank and free.

In the country I was a gentleman—in town I'm a
 stay-maker. (*points to his parcel.*)

Col. A stay-maker !

Jem. Perhaps you could recommend one—but right,
 ha, ha, ha ! Your master ran away from you—got
 into place yet ?

Col. Pert puppy. (*aside.*)

Fem. Never saw Squire Valentine; but hear he was a fine flashy fellow! one of us—ha—(*capers and sings*) I'm about setting up in business—want only a partner with a little ready—Molly's penny would have now been a-propos—raising capital is—I'm going now after a person who advances money, but, my old Steward, you're among the monied men—you could put a body into the way of raising a little cash—I can give undeniable security.

Col. Eh!—I'll try it yonder he comes—it may bring him into an embarrassing distress, and if any thing can reclaim him, the very shame of necessity must be the means (*aside*) why I—I do know a gentleman that does these things.

Fem. (*With eager joy.*) Where does he live?

Col. This happens lucky enough—See that gentleman coming strait from story's gate?

Fem. What in the brown coat?

Col. No, no.

Fem. Oh! in the small little buckl'd wig?

Col. Pshaw! what think you of that red coat?

Fem. That Officer! ha, ha, ha! a captain lend money! that's a good joke.

Col. He's agent to fifteen regiments.

Fem. Zounds then he can lend me the King's money.

Col. There, you see with what authority he leans against the treasury wall.

Fem.

Jem. Like a prop to the treasury—a rich fellow I warrant;—If you know him, my dear boy, will you propose it?

Col. Well, I'll speak to him.

Jem. Much oblig'd—here he is.

Col. Be you in the way.

Jem. Only drop this in Fludyer street (*cross*) two hundred will just do for me—I'll do the handsome thing—house keeper's security—premium to you and the neatest pair of dimity jumps for your girl—mum—now—ha!—(*grimacing.*)

[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE, out of temper.

Val. When did you get to town? whose house is that I saw you gossiping in?

Col. Then he has not seen his wife? (*aside.*)

Val. Well here have I been parading this half hour and no uncle as his letter appointed.

Col. You don't know his person—perhaps *he* has been parading too—and surveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I discard him—talk of *me*, he's made up of whim, caprice, and uncertainty.

Col. Why faith he's a little queerish in his—but no caprice—no, no; curs'd inflexible in what he thinks right, aye, he'll certainly settle his fortune on this new found relation—your conduct to your wife—affair of Blackberry, &c.——

Val. Give me a taste of life and now turn me adrift only for a few fashionable gallantries! I got there to passe dix too before I left home—haven't one guinea

in my pocket—If I could but raise a little money just for an out set.

Col. Could not some be rais'd on your commission?

Val. Hey—but I don't know any of these money-brokers.

Enter JEMMY, smiles at COLONEL and walks up.

Col. Sir d'ye see that gentleman.

Val. That fellow that nodded to you.

Col. Fellow!—you've seen an advertisement of a person that has twenty thousand lying at his banker's, that's he—X. Y. the most liberal money lender in town.

Val. Why, he gave you a very familiar nod; Total, see if he'll advance the cash to me.

Col. I'll try, about two hundred will do?

Val. Capital!

Col. Sir! (*calls to Jemmy, then goes over and speaks apart to him.*) He'll do it.

Jem. My dear friend, does he know the sum I want? security I can give, and——

Col. All—step to any Tavern hard by, and I'll bring him to you.

Jem. Eh!—the Rummer—the landlady's a customer of mine—but think he'll have the money about him?

(*joyful.*)

Col. Jem. Isn't Drummond's over the way? have you a purse, or good strong pockets for the cash when you get it? (*half aside.*)

Jem. A good pocket, but no purse—I have a delicate glove, stout ramskin.

Col.

Col. Here the guineas will be so snug in the fingers.

Jem. The half guineas drop so pat in the little one.

Col. (aloud to Valentine.) Sir the gentleman will see you at the Rummer.

Val. (Bowing to Jemmy) Sir, I shall attend you.

Jem. (Bows to Valentine and smiles to Colonel as he goes off.) Sir, Oh Sir! (to Colonel) I've only to take measure of a Lady over in Suffolk Street, just come to town—new customer—be with you in five minutes. (to Captain) A fine day Sir! [Exit Jemmy.]

Col. Oh yes, he will lend it.

Val. You're a devilish good fellow, Total.

Col. But he's so curs'd fond of good eating and drinking: nothing to be done without giving him a dinner, and drinks Burgundy I assure you.

Val. Zounds I'll give him a bottle and a bird with all my soul—yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver! heard of my misfortune and they seem to avoid me—my friends!

Col. Ah my good Sir, even the civility of the world hangs on the success of the moment and let your empty pockets now convince you, that distress is the touchstone of friendship; suppose to cut a flash, I ask 'em to dinner you'll be oblig'd to give this gentleman—and ha, ha, ha! Sir, to carry it on, I'll desire Mr X. Y. before them to seem as if you were the lender.

Val. Ha, ha, ha! well done Total—ha, ha, ha! hey (looking out) counsellor Flummery too—true I owe him twenty guineas.

Col. Well Sir, you will be now able to pay him.
Gad Sir, he can draw up the necessary writings between you and the gentleman; I'll ask him.

Val. Run bespeak a good room and order dinner for fix. [Exit Colonel.

This supply will set me going, I'll let my uncle see I can shine without his dirty acres, now I have got among the money lenders.

A I R.—*Valentine.*

How bright are the joys of the table,

I mean when the cloath is remov'd;

Our hearts are fast held by a cable,

While round the decanter is shov'd.

The Ladies all rise to retire,

We stand up and look very grave;

A bumper then draw round the fire,

Determin'd like souls to behave.

A bumper a bumper, &c.

My servant he knows I'm a toper,

Clean glasses of wine a recruit,

He brings in a six bottle cooper,

And places it close at my foot.

I gingerly take up a bottle,

The saw dust I puff from his coat,

The cork out he sings in the throttle,

But sweeter than Mara his note.

Sweeter than Mara, &c.

What

THE FARMER.

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What Gentleman coffee now chuses,

The compliment comes from the fair,

No Gentleman coffee refuses,

But not a man stirs from his chair,

Tho' Frenchmen do so I bar it,

With British politeness I think,

While Monsieur we thank for claret,

He never shall teach us to drink,

He never shall teach us, &c.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,

A struggle 'twixt claret and wit,

For Bacchus insists he shall swallow,

Six bumpers before he may sit,

Ye fair why so ill should we treat you,

To part ere the battle is won,

At supper Apollo shall meet you,

And shew you what Bacchus has done,

Apollo at supper, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE.—*The Apartment in which LOUISA has been seen.*

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. What accommodation has old Total got for the Farmer and his family here?

Enter RUNDY, in a Livery.

So Rundy you've got to London!

Run. Yes Sir.

Fair. Well, and how do you like it?

Run.

Run. Oh ! hugely Sir ; I think it a deadly fine place — master thought I shouldn't come with him, but Lord he has behav'd so kind to me that I told him I would not leave him because I could not better myself.

Fair. And you have got from the plough to the coach ?

Run. No, Sir—Miss Bet would make master and she go all round the town in chairs. I walk'd, afore he, he, he ! Master's so grand and Miss Betty's quite my Lady ; my Molly's our maid, and I'm my own Gentleman.

Fair. Tell your master I'm here.

Run. Tell ! why man in London, one can call a body from the top of the house to the bottom and from the bottom to the top without opening one's mouth. *(goes and rings)* that does it.

Fair. Why sure you don't ring for your master.

Run. Why Sir he rings for me, and one good turn deserves another ; Lord you can't think what a beau I intend to be here in London, oh !

A I R.—Rundy.

A Flaxen headed cow boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy I whistled o'er the lee ;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.
When Steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pocket to fill :
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the plough boy that whistled o'er the lee.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself.
Whatever's good for me Sir, I never will oppose:
When all my ayes, are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.
I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph; with speeches
charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer
In court of city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy that whistl'd, &c.

[Exit.

Enter FARMER and BETTY, dressed.

Fair. Ah, ha! here they come.

Bet. Sir I have the honour to be monstrous proud
to see you.

Far. Yes Sir, you see she has the honour to be
monstrous.

Fair. She's fashionable.

Far. What, with her coal-black hair full of brown
dust, and her hat all o'one side as if she'd got fuddl'd.

Bet. Fuddl'd! oh its fashion and Mrs Pallal the mill-
lner says I shall soon set the fashions—she'll be ask'd
for the Eliza Cap—the Timbertop bonnet—She says
I've a shape for a duchess, so I have; but to improve
it, she's to send me the neatest stay-maker in town.

Enter LANDLADY with a land box.

Land. Mem, here's your new cap, and there's a
person below come from Tavistock street.

Bet. Oh! its he—yes it must be the stay-maker—
shew him in.

Land.

Land. Walk up, young man.

Enter JEMMY.

Jem. Me'm have the honour to be recommended by Mrs. Fallal of Tavistock street to—please me'm, I'll take your measure, taper as a topsy turvy sugar loaf.

Bet. What taper!—topsy turvy, is that the fashion.

Jem. (*surpris'd*) Betty Blackberry!

Bet. (*looking*) What! my country town beau, Jemmy Jumps.

Jem. Well, I protest, this is the most immensely strange—I came here to a Miss Timbertop.

Bet. Well I am she, master—Timbertop.

Jem. Very unlucky! But the money lender is waiting for me at the Rummer. (*aside*)

Far. So this is your Rouleau and Coterie!—a stay-maker! but you'll make no stay here.

Jem. Then I'll go—Hey—my—Mr Jumps' carriage.
[*Exit followed by Landlady.*]

Bet. La! what an impudent fellow that is, to pop himself on us in the country for a gentleman. Then I might be impos'd on—but now I'm so *Tonish*.

Far. Child you're young and I don't want to nip pleasure in the bud, only take care of the fops, mind child.

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Col. Farmer, the Colonel desires me to conduct you to him, he has sent his coach.

Bet. Coach! oh if Jemmy Jumps was but to see me now.

Fair

Fair. And pray what's become of his hopeful nephew, my son in law.

Far. Aye! gadzooks where's the Squire?

Col. Now at the Rummer Tavern, and soon in the hands of the bailiffs. *[Exeunt Colonel and Betty.]*

Fair. Now farmer you and I'll have a compleat revenge.

Far. I want no revenge.

Fair. What, you can forget old quarrels and forgive past injuries, somewhat of the humour of your country though willing to shake hands, you like to be prepar'd for a blow if an enemy should intend to give it.

Far. Farmer——

A I R.

Old England's a lion stretch'd out at his ease,
A sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas,
Shou'd a monkey dare to chatter, or a tyger claw,
They tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw,
I love a neighbour's friendship, but if he turn'd foe
Prepare to receive him with blow for blow.

Prepare, &c. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE.—A Room at the Rummer Tavern, (loud laughing without.)

Enter JEMMY and a WAITER.

Jem. Oh! the gentleman desir'd you'd call me out from the company and he'd settle the affair with me here.

Wait.

Wait. Yes.

Jem. Now I shall pocket the cash, tol, lol, lol! oh—and Jack, if your mistress sends me up her stays, I'll take 'em home with me now and alter them to her liking.

[Exit Waiter.]

That will shew this gentleman I'm a man of business then he wont be afraid to lend—I wonder will he have the cash about him—though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's, its so pretty to see these banker's clerks shovel up the gold with a back paw, slide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip, reckon so nimble—*(mimics)* with this money such a smart shop as I shall open.

Valentine. (without) Push about lads—the gentleman and I will return to you instantly.

Jem. (with joy) Oh here he is.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Well Sir, aren't my friends jolly fellows?

Jem. Very jolly, and we'd a choice fine dinner: that pig and pruin sauce—oh! dear but there'll be a monstrous great bill to pay.

Val. A vulgar fellow this—but I'll touch his cash and then get rid of him. *(aside)* Wont you please to sit Sir.

Jem. Now if he's not as condescending as if he was not worth a guinea. *(aside)*

Val. True! Total said he lov'd his bottle. *(aside)* Waiter a batch of Burgundy in here.

[Enter Waiter with wine and glasses and exit.]

Jem.

Jem. More Burgundy! my shot will make a vast hole in the money I'm to get. (*aside*)

Val. Sir I esteem myself so much oblig'd—(*cringing complaisantly to each other.*)

Jem. Sir!—What gentleness to me that's going to borrow his cash from him. (*aside*) Sir its what I never shall forget the longest day I have to live.

Val. Sir!—the civillest money lender I ever met with. (*aside*) Sir, though I flatter myself the security is unexceptionable—

Jem. Security!—Sir, I'll have two of the warmest house-keepers in Norton Fal-gate.

Val. Norton Fal-gate, I don't know any body in that quarter of the town.

Jem. Lord it's one of the most substantiallest and most opulentest places.

Val. I haven't a doubt Sir, but I had hopes of giving you a lieutenant's commission.

Jem. Give me a commission.—Eh, he, he, he!

Val. Oh well Sir, since that is not—if Mr Total joins a bond.

Jem. Sir I have no objection to a bond, if you think it sufficient—but asking Mr Total to join is—a liber— that I could not expect—him to join—oh—no—

Val. My dear Sir—if he dare refuse I'd break every bone in his body.

Jem. Break every bone in his body, oh! Lord—for what force him to join in—oh Sir by no means—

D

he's

THE FARMER.

he's almost a stranger to me though he has so kindly brought about this business.

Val. Oh! well Sir, if you think it can be done—between ourselves.

Jem. Sir (*bows*) how good—the sum I suppose you understand is—

Val. Two hundred pounds (*bows and smiles*.)

Jem. Just. (*bows*.)

Val. Sir! won't you take a glass of wine? (*fills*.)

Jem. Sir won't you take another.

Val. Sir.

Jem. Sir.

} *jingle glasses both.*

Val. Here's X. Y. against the whole alphabet.

Jem. (*aside*.) A new toast among the money Lenders I suppose—Sir here's X. Y. in the alphabet (*they drink*.)

Val. Sir; now if you please I'll call in my friend the lawyer, and we'll settle the affair at once.

Jem. Now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's fortune (*snaps his fingers, aside*.)

Val. Gad this two hundred pounds will make a man of me. (*aside*) Counsellor Flummery come into court. (*calls with great gaiety*.)

Enter COUNSELLOR FLUMMERY.

Coun. Well Gentlemen if you're quite agreed.

Val and Jem. Oh yes! we're agreed. (*Counsellor takes out boud and reads*.)

Val.

Val. (Snatching it.) Pshaw! we both know the sum and terms so here goes to sign and seal, and all's settl'd. (*writes and gives it Jemmy.*)

Coun. Valentine, I've drawn out a bit of a receipt for that twenty guineas. (apart to Valentine.)

Val. My dear fellow I'll pay you down this moment.

Jem. I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Coun. Your hand and pen! oh! my dear it's your act and deed you mean.

Jem. I deliver that as my hack and deed.

Coun. There now Gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. (Valentine and Jemmy stand some time looking at each other with expectation.)

Val. Here's a repository for the two hundred pounds. (takes out a purse.)

Jem. And here's my ram-skin budget. (takes out a glove.)

Val. What's that for Sir.

Jem. To receive the cash Sir.

Val. Receive! true, Total told me he had twenty thousand pounds at his banker's. (aside) Then Sir I'll be here 'till you bring me the money.

Jem. Then you'll wait a damn'd long while. (aside) Lord Sir Drummond wouldn't give his Daddy money without your order.

Val. Really Sir, I know nothing about Drummond or his Daddy, I wait for the money that you——

Jem. Sir.

Val. The two hundred pounds you are going to lend me.

Jem. I going to lend you—

Val. Why, Sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jem. Oh Lord no Sir—no, no, I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Coun. Ha, ha, ha! 'pon my honour here's a fine Irish bargain all borrowers and no lenders! but who's to pay costs;—as you don't want the receipt John Doe and Richard Roe. (*aside.*) [*Exit Coun.*]

Val. Damme, Sir who are you.

Enter WAITER with Stays gives them to JEMMY.

Wait. Here, my Mistress desires you'll add two bones to her stays and bring them home yourself to-morrow.

Val. Pray friend, do you know this Gentleman?

Wait. Yes Sir, that Gentleman is—ha, ha, ha! *Jemmy* jumps the stay-maker.

Jem. Yes Sir, and if your Lady should want me—

Val. (*Rises and takes Jemmy down to the Lamps.*) Pray Sir a'n't you X. Y.

Jem. No, Sir, nor P. Q. neither—pray Sir don't you prop the treasury.

Val. Total has either play'd me a trick or made some curs'd blunder here—retire—(*commanding.*)

Jem. Retire.

Val. Withdraw you rascal.

Wait.

Wait. The other Gentlemen are stepp'd out and desir'd me to bring the bill up to you Gentlemen. (*offers the bill to Jemmy.*)

Jem. Bill! Lord man I'm no Gentleman.

Wait. It's twenty two pounds, ten shillings.

Jem. (*Looking at it*) Twenty two pounds, ten, withdraw you rascal.

Val. This infernal old fellow to draw me into a tavern bill and not a guinea in my pocket. (*Aside*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too.

Wait. Yes Sir, but he has left a bailiff below. (*ringing without*) Coming up Sir.

Val. A Bailiff!

Jem. A Bailiff—oh Lord—

Enter BAILIFF.

Bail. Sir—I've a writ against you.

Val. Well—I'll go—

Wait. You won't go I hope Sir, 'till the bill's settl'd.

Jem. I will if I can tho'— (*Exit Jemmy.*)

Val. Was ever such a miserable dog! confusion, now I'm punish'd for my cruelty to my amiable wife, and poor Blackberry, how he'd triumph to see this! no way to extricate—(*Enter LOUISA hastily, and ist Waiter who whispers Bailiff and Exit.*)—my wife!

Low. Here my Valentine, (*gives him a pocket-book*) open that nor blush to receive liberty from your affectionate Louisa.

Enter FAIRLY.

My Father!

THE FARMER.

Fal. Mr Fairly I've wrong'd you, but shall make atonement here—*(to Louisa.)*

Fair. Do Sir—

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Total! Ah you old humming canto—babo—but now all's forgiveness love and liberty—I must discharge—here Bailiff.

Enter 2d WAITER.

Wait. Sir he's gone—the country Gentleman that came with you Sir *(to Colonel)* paid debts, costs, and discharg'd the bill of the house. *[Exit Waiter.]*

Col. Old Blackberry do this.

Enter BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Far. Here Squire's a different sort of receipt from what you sent me for my rent.

Fair. Zounds what!—

Far. Mr Fairly you're a wise Lawyer: But a simple Farmer thinks good for evil is the most complete revenge.

Col. Ah, ha, ha! What say you to the Colonel's Heir.

Fal. This—You're the King of Spades—*Total*, now where's my uncle. *(Slaps Colonel heartily on the shoulder.)*

Col. You need not hit your uncle quite so hard.

Fal. Uncle!—it must be—Oh! Sir, as you've been all along the witness of my follies—

Col. Vices—by corrosives, I attempted the cure.

Lou. Which I hope by lenitives to perform.

Far.

THE FARMER.

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Far. If you are the Colonel, thank you, but take your grandeur from me—Gads bobs! I find my hands are too hard, and my head too soft for a gentleman.

Col. Well, my honest kinsman, if you can enjoy more happiness in your farm, I'll take care your stock shall never be seiz'd by a landlord.

Far. Then, Huzza! come child from our little sample of fashion, we shall return with double relish for peace, happiness, and Blackberry farm.

Betty. I don't love peace and happiness—I won't leave London without a beau.

Enter RUNDY, MOLLY, and JEMMY.

Jem. Here I am, my dear Farmer—I mean Squire Timberhead—a gentleman would have a thousand pounds, I'll take her with half. So then I put five hundred into your pocket, with the other we'll open a smart shop without a money-lender; with hopes our friends will drop their guineas into my ram-skin budget.

Col. Mr Fairly, I thank you for all your trouble—proud of my generous—new relation—nephew henceforth the honest man in distress shall be my kinsman.

F I N A L E.

Far. Welcome joy and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to day and cry to-morrow,
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

Val.

Val. Joy and truth in generous wine,
 Friends sooth the cares of Life,
 Joy, friend—truth in these combine,
 My faithful wife.

Betty. Four in hand I spark away,
 Harp twinkle, twang my bow,
 To a circle read a play,
 When I know how,

Welcome joy, &c.

Rum. Sweet to kiss upon the grass,
 Gadzooks I can't in town,
 Give my merry willing lass,
 A neat green gown.

Mol. Farewel fields, and sweet hay mow,
 No more my Lambs I'll see,
 Rundy says I must be now,
 A gay Lady.

Welcome joy, &c.

Jem. Pretty girls who fine things lack,
 All come and deal with me,
 I'm myself a nice knick knack,
 Your own Jemmy.

Welcome joy, &c.

